

# THE ELEGY

On that Reverend Presbyter

## Mr. WILLIAM JENKINS,

Who Finisht his Obstinacy the 19th. of January in the Goal of Newgate, where are above  
Fourscore Dissenters, of almost as many of the several scattered Churches remaining.

In a Dialogue between *Despair* and *Comfort*: In Imitation of a former Elegy, in Dialogue between *Faith* and  
*Sense*. Seiz'd and suppress'd by Authority.

*Despair.* **P** Risons accurst! and more accurst *Law*!  
Why will you from the fainting Brethren draw  
More mournful Notes, and from their Eyes more  
Than all the Blood of almost twenty Years, [Tears,  
Which their *Reforming* pious Swords ere drew,  
When the new *Israel* the *Philistian* Thousands slew?

*Comfort.* Leave Murm'ring: his freed Soul has found Relief  
From *Two* Confinements, both his Equal Grief;  
Call'd by his great and potent Masters down  
From a loath'd *Hierarchy*, and hated *Crown*.  
Weep for thy self, for he's for Bliss design'd,  
Leaving a Toryfied curst World behind.

*Despair.* Lament I must and will in such a strain,  
Shall wake even *Nell* and *Bradshaw's* Ghost again;  
I will roar out, and with a Voice so shrill,  
As even great *TONYES* mighty Court shall fill:  
I'll call the Furies up, and summon all  
Our aiding Friends below t'avenge his Fall.

*Comfort.* Weep not; in Jayl he drew his latest Breath,  
And *Justice* self's a Tyrant in his Death.  
Great *Charles* his barbarous and lawless Doom  
Was Good and Just; but if even *Law* presume,  
Nay after a whole Age of Mercy, come  
To touch the suffering Saint, 'tis *MARTYRDOM*;  
Nor shall we want those Trumpets to declare,  
How *Rome* and *Hell* 'gainst *Truth* and *Heav'n* make War.

Of Tears as large as fell that curst Hour,  
When *Keeling's* Sacramental Silence broke,  
Or *Burnett* in the dying *Ruff* spoke!  
Remembrance of our Dear *Republick* Raign,  
And the old politic Game reviv'd in vain;  
And this dear Champion laid in Honours Bed,  
Calls all the Brine our Bloodshot Eyes can shed.

*Comfort.* Forbear this dull Mistake; thy fruitless Cries  
Bespeak Impatience: 'tis but *Jenkins* dyes;  
H's transfigured Spirit stays, you know,  
To animate the Brethren Saints below.  
His Death to us should but new Life afford,  
Warm'd with th'old Glory, with th'old conquering Sword,  
To fight the famous *Battels* of the Lord.

*Despair.* Ah but he's gone! That word more Terror brings,  
Than the old *Ax* that cut the Throat of *KINGS*:  
When Monarchs bleed, the Stroke's not worth a Tear;  
But here our Loss does darker Mourning wear.  
He's gone, who almost six and forty Years,  
Preach'd up the Good *OLD CAUSE* in Sighs and Tears:  
That Saint who in the Days of *Reformation*,  
By his long painful Gospel-propagation,  
So many Hearts, so many Hands could bring,  
To raise the glorious Scaffold of a King:  
He whose blest Labours could thus far prevail,  
Finisht his *Teffimony* in a Jayl.

*Comfort.* Cease Exclamations; tho' his Race is run,  
Dying before the finisht Work was done,  
By *Popish* Noise and pious *Oats* begun.  
Still constant in adhering to th' Intrigue,  
O, th' ever blest *Associating* League.  
His pried and untimely Fate but draws  
Thousands of new made Converts to the Cause.  
Dying in Jayl, he loudly Preaches more,  
More than in all the Tubs he thump'd before.

*Despair.* If gasping *Anarchy* endures such Rubs,  
When Cedars fall, what will become of Shrubs?  
How shall the faintness of a strength so weak,  
The *Gown* and *Mitres* Long-loath'd Union break.  
In *Jenkins* speechless Tongue does silenc'd ly,  
A greater piece of *Kirk* Artillery,

'Gainst Tory Laws, Crown'd Heads, and Prelate Loons,  
Than *Colledge* Flails, and *Rumbold's* Musquetoons.

*Comfort.* No, we'll not fear an overthrow or harm,  
Whilst *Antichrist* and *Poperies* long-tried charm  
Shall raise us Bulwarks. Who can Leaders want,  
Under the Bannors of the *Covenant*?  
For tho' grim Death does home some servants call,  
That Charm shall conjure strength to conquer all.

*Despair.* But oh! what curst Infatuation broke  
*Justice* and *Laws* long sleep, thus to provoke  
The Royal Frowns to raise this fatal stroak?  
See trembling *Sien* shakes. Can it be hoped  
The Kirk can stand when it is thus unprop'd?  
When thus our Corner-stone to Fate must shrink,  
Ah! how my troubled Soul's amaz'd to think,  
How the whole fainting tottering Pile will sink.

*Comfort.* No, All must die. In dust our Prophet see:  
Nought but our Mighty Cause so strong can be,  
As to claim Patents t'Immortality.  
When the've done all, let *Law* and *Power* still frown  
Like the dissected Snake, crush'd and run down,  
We'll re-cement to sting the *Church* and *Crown*.  
Could *Peter* thrice his Sovereign Lord deny?  
Our glorious Cause that Spirit shall supply,  
As shall three thousand times our *King's* defy.

*Despair.* But oh! the heavy *Law's* a blow too fore  
What's *TOLERATION* without Sovereign power.  
The Kirk Dominion lost, and *King* restored,  
Was a sad stroak to'th Servants of the Lord.  
When once the Pagan *Organs* play'd, too soon  
All our Spiritual Hymns were out of tune.

*Comfort.* There was a Time *WE* exercis'd the Rod  
O're Heathen *Strafford*, *Laud* and *CHARLES*, when *GOD*  
*WITH US* the Beatifick *Rump* empow'r'd:  
And heavenly *Love* in Royal Gore was show'r'd.  
That dear remembrance mitigates our crosses,  
Whilst future hope shall ease our present losses.

*Despair.* My Eyes must vent my grief upon his Herse,  
And weep in earnest, tho' I weep in Verse,  
When *Abalom* died, a Royal Tear was shed,  
And with great *Charles* an Innate *Mercy* bred,  
Mourns even to take a forfeit Traitors Head.  
So must I take a privilege to mourn,  
A *Shimei* or *Achitophel* t'his *Urn*.

*Comfort!* Dry up thy Tears, for whom thou mourn'st is blest,  
In Death he meets the *Whigs* long Stranger *REST*.  
Tho' turbulent against the Royal Will,  
The Grave has laid the restless Engine still.  
In Patience wait; our rip'ning Plots attend,  
To mount the Cause, and Righted Kirk defend.

### ACROSTICK.

W ell now e'n Heav'nwards let thy Soul repair,  
I f thou art sure that no Lawn Sleeves are there,  
L ook to it Jenkins, for 'tis worth thy Care.  
L awn Sleeves 'tis certain no small power have shew'd,  
I n keeping thee from Church, if not from God:  
A nd more than 20 mourning years o're-past,  
M itre and Surplice broke thy heart at last.

J n the old Days, the Blessed Directory,  
E gypt's dear Flesh-pot, was thy Pride and Glory:  
N ow with the Liturgies long Manna tyred,  
K ecking to peuck th' ore-straining Saint expired.  
I n Covenants and Holy Leagues long tyed,  
N o longer could the nauseous Taste abide,  
S o in a kind of a Scotch Qualm he died.

Sold by Walter Davis in Anen-Corner, 1685.